

### Carol IV.

Bright Easter skies! Fair Easter skies!  
Our Lord is risen, we, too, shall rise.  
Nor walls of stone, hewn firm and cold,  
Nor Roman soldiers, brave and bold;  
Nor Satan's marshalled hosts could keep  
The pierced hands in deathly sleep:  
Just as the Easter day-beams dawn,  
Our buried Lord is risen and gone.

#### REFRAIN.

Bright Easter skies! Fair Easter skies!  
Our Lord is risen, we, too, shall rise.

Green Easter fields! Fair Easter fields!  
Heaven's first ripe fruit, Death, conquered, yields.  
In church-yards wide the seed we sow,  
Beneath the cross the wheat shall grow;  
One Easter Day death's reign shall end,  
And golden sheaves shall heav'n-ward send.  
Hail the blest morn, by whose glad light,  
Angels shall reap the harvest white.—REF.

Sweet Easter flowers! White Easter flowers!  
From Heaven descend Life-giving showers:  
Each plant that bloomed at Eden's birth,  
Shall blow again o'er ransomed earth.  
Pluck lilies rare and roses sweet,  
And strew the path of Jesus' feet,  
Throw fragrant palms before our King,  
And wreath the crown the saved shall bring.—REF.

O Christian child! O Christian men!  
Our Victor Lord, shall come again.  
Wake we our hearts at His command;  
Lift we our love to His right hand;  
With warmest hopes, to Easter skies,  
Stretch we our arms, and fix our eyes;  
Till in the clouds His sign we see,  
And quick and dead shout "Jubilee!"—REF.

### Recessional Hymn

Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Alleluia! Risen Lord!  
To Thee, O Christ, victorious King of Kings!  
Our Easter songs of gladness now we raise;  
O'er all the earth the joyous strain upsprings  
To hail Thee Victor  
On this "Queen of Days."  
Alleluia! (4) Risen Lord! (2)

Alleluia! (3) Lord of Life!  
Death's brazen gates unbound for evermore  
Are radiant now with light that comes from Thee!  
The darkness passed—we see the open door  
Thro' which comes Life and Immortality.  
Alleluia! (4) Lord of life! (2)

Alleluia! (3) Victor King!  
Hail! hail! Thou Victor over death and hell!  
All earthly triumphs sink before thine own;  
All nations now with joy and rapture tell  
Of sealed tomb changed to a glorious Throne.  
Alleluia! (4) Victor King! (2)

Alleluia! (3) Prince of Peace!  
O happy Day, thrice welcome to our hearts,  
Long bound with sin and shame before Thy Cross;  
O glorious day! which to the world imparts  
That Gift, before which all our wealth is dross;  
Alleluia! (4) Prince of Peace! (2)

Alleluia! (3) Evermore!  
Hail! Lion of the Tribe of Judah! hail!  
What gift is this Thy nail-pierced Hands do bring?  
Eternal life! a life that cannot fail.  
All glory to thy name, O mighty King!  
Alleluia! (4) Evermore! (2)



\* St. Luke's Church, \*

Germantown.

\* Children's Service, \*

Easter, 1883.



## Processional Hymn.

Forward! be our watchword, steps and voices joined;  
Seek the things before us, not a look behind.  
Burns the fiery pillar at our army's head;  
Who shall dream of shrinking, by our Captain led!

Forward through the desert, through the toil and  
fight;  
Jordan flows before us, Zion beams with light!

Forward, when in childhood buds the infant mind;  
All through youth and manhood, not a thought behind;  
Speed through realms of nature, climb the steps of  
grace;  
Faint not, till in glory gleams our Father's Face.

Forward all the life-time, climb from height to  
height;  
Till the head be hoary, till the eve be light.

Forward, flock of Jesus, salt of all the earth,  
Till each yearning purpose spring to glorious birth:  
Sick, they ask for healing, blind, they grope for day;  
Pour upon the nations wisdom's loving ray.

Forward out of error, leave behind the night;  
Forward through the darkness, forward into Light!

Glories upon glories hath our God prepared,  
By the souls that love Him one day to be shared.  
Eye hath not beheld them, ear hath never heard,  
Nor of these hath uttered thought or speech, a word.

Forward marching eastward, where the heaven  
is bright,  
Till the veil be lifted, till our faith be sight.

Far o'er yon horizon rise the city towers,  
Where our God abideth; that fair home is ours.  
Flash the streets with jasper, shine the gates with  
gold

Flows the gladdening river, shedding joys untold:

Thither, onward thither, in the Spirit's might;  
Pilgrims to your country, forward into light!

Into God's high temple, onward as we press,  
Beauty spreads around us, born of holiness;  
Arch, and vault, and carving, lights of varied tone,  
Softened words and holy, prayer and praise alone:

Every thought upraising to our City bright,  
Where the tribes assemble around the Throne of  
Light.

Naught that City needeth of these aisles of stone;  
Where the Godhead dwelleth, temple there is none.  
All the saints that ever in these courts have stood,  
Are but babes, and feeding on the children's food.

On through signs and tokens, stars amid the  
night;  
Forward through the darkness, forward into  
Light!

To the Eternal Father loudest anthems raise;  
To the Son and Spirit echo songs of praise;  
To the Lord of Glory, blessed Three in One,  
Be by men and angels endless honour done.

Weak are earthly praises, dull the songs of night;  
Forward into triumph, forward into Light!  
Amen.

## Carol I.

On this glorious Easter morning,  
Robbing death of all its sting,  
Shattering Satan's gloomy empire,  
Rose our Prophet, Priest, and King;  
Rose the Son of God, triumphant,  
Conq'ror o'er death and sin.  
Lift your heads, ye heav'nly Portals,  
Let the King of glory in!

He who left His Father's Glory,  
He who stooped from Heav'n most high,  
Lived as man on earth—and suffer'd,  
Died—that man no more should die,  
Now returns, a mighty victor,  
Conq'ror over death and sin.  
Lift your heads, ye heav'nly Portals,  
Let the King of glory in!

Christians! this glad Easter morning,  
Tells of Light, and Life, and Love;  
Tells us somewhat of the yearning  
Felt for man in heaven above;  
Tells how Jesus rose triumphant  
Conqueror over death and sin;  
How the everlasting Portals  
Oped to let their Monarch in!

Tells us, too, the joyful tidings,  
That where He is, we shall be;  
And that we, too, shall be like Him,  
When we Him in Glory see.  
Like Him, Vanquishers of Satan,  
Conquerors over death and sin,  
Lift your heads, ye heavenly Portals,  
Let the ransomed servants in!

## Carol II.

Hail! bright, glorious Easter morn!  
Now lilies hill and vale adorn,  
Joy in every heart is born,  
For Christ hath risen to-day!  
Birds that sing on every tree,  
Mountain heights and rolling sea,  
All your tuneful praises be,  
"Glory to Him who hath risen to-day!"

CHORUS.—Hail! bright, glorious Easter morn!  
Now lilies hill and vale adorn,  
Joy in every heart is born,  
For Christ hath risen to-day!

Lo! the land is clad in bloom,  
And gone is all our wintry gloom,  
Open is the darksome tomb,  
For Christ hath risen to-day!  
Angels hymn His love and praise,  
Leaves exult in woodland ways,  
Sing we sweetly all our days,—  
"Glory to Him who hath risen to-day!"

CHO.—Hail! bright, glorious Easter morn! etc.

Sound the song from shore to shore,  
And praise the Saviour we adore!  
Lo! He reigneth evermore,—  
Our Lord hath risen to-day!  
Gratefully our tributes bring,  
Every heart with rapture sing;  
Over death He is the King,—  
"Glory to Him who hath risen to-day!"

CHO.—Hail! bright, glorious Easter morn! etc.

## Carol III.

"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say,  
Hell to-day is vanquish'd; Heav'n is won to-day!  
Lo! the Dead is living, God for evermore!  
Him their true creator, all His work adore!

"Welcome, happy morning," age to age shall say;  
Hell to-day is vanquish'd, Heaven is won to-day!

Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for Spring,  
All good gifts returned with her returning king:  
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,  
Speak His sorrows ended, hail His triumph now.

"Welcome, happy morning," etc.

Months in due procession, days of lengthening light,  
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;  
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,  
Vanquisher of Darkness, bring their praise to Thee.

"Welcome, happy morning," etc.

Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health to all,  
Thou from Heaven beholding human nature's fall,  
Of the Father's Godhead, true and only Son,  
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.

"Welcome, happy morning," etc.

Thou of life the Author, death didst undergo,  
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;  
Come, then, True and Faithful, now fulfill Thy word,  
'Tis Thine own Third morning! Rise, O buried Lord!

"Welcome, happy morning," etc.

Loose the souls long prison'd, bound with Satan's  
chain;

All that now is fallen raise to life again;  
Show Thy Face in brightness, bid the nations see;  
Bring again our Daylight; day returns with Thee!

"Welcome, happy morning," etc.



“Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the FIRSTFRUITS  
of them that slept.”



# Easter, 1886.

S. Luke's Church, Germantown.



## Processionals.

### *Christ the Lord is Risen Again.*

Christ the Lord is risen again,  
Christ hath broken every chain;  
Hark, angelic voices cry,  
Singing evermore on high,  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Alleluia! Amen.  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Alleluia! Amen.

He, who gave for us His life,  
Who for us endured the strife,  
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day;  
We, too, sing for joy, and say:  
Alleluia, etc.

He, who bore all pain and loss  
Comfortless upon the cross,  
Lives in glory now on high,  
Pleads for us and hears our cry  
Alleluia, etc.

He who slumbered in the grave,  
Is exalted now to save;  
Now through Christendom it rings  
That the Lamb is King of kings.  
Alleluia, etc.

Now He bids us tell abroad  
How the lost may be restored,  
How the penitent forgiven,  
How we, too, may enter heaven.  
Alleluia, etc.

Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,  
Christ, Thy ransomed people feed:  
Take our sins and guilt away,  
Let us sing by night and day,  
Alleluia, etc.

### *The Crown is on the Victor's Brow.*

*mf* The crown is on the Victor's brow;  
Finish'd is the battle now;  
*cres.* Hence with sadness;  
Sing with gladness, Alleluia!

*p* For after death that Him befell:  
Jesus Christ hath harrowed hell:  
*cres.* Heaven is ringing,  
*f* Earth is singing, Alleluia!

*f* On that third morning He arose,  
Bright with triumph o'er His foes;  
Sing we lauding,  
And applauding, Alleluia!

*f* For He hath closed hell's yawning door,  
Heaven is open evermore:  
Hence with sadness,  
Sing with gladness, Alleluia!

*mp* Lord, by Thy wounds we call on Thee,  
So from death to set us free,  
*cres.* That our living  
*f* Be thanksgiving! Alleluia!

### *Easter Day Hath Dawned Again.*

Easter day hath dawned again,  
Past the night of grief and pain,  
Vain the guard, the tomb in vain,  
To hold our buried Jesus!

Faithful hearts their watch have kept,  
Loving eyes have mourned and wept,  
Where, it seemed He lately slept,  
So still and silent, Jesus!

Now, all tears have passed away  
With the early morning ray;  
From the grave, where once He lay,  
There hath arisen Jesus!

Risen, He hath worshiped been  
By repentant Magdalene,  
And by Simon hath been seen,  
Our all-triumphant Jesus!

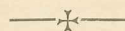
On this blessed Eventide,  
Two there were He walked beside,  
And they prayed—"With us abide!"  
Although they knew not Jesus!

Jesu, Lord! I pray to Thee,  
Though Thy face not yet I see,  
Evermore abide with me—  
My Lord—my God—my Jesus!



# Order of Service.

## Children's Festival.



### Confession, Lord's Prayer and Versicles.

#### *Come, Ye Faithful, Raise the Strain.*

Come, ye faithful, raise the strain  
Of triumphant gladness:  
God hath brought His Israel,  
Into joy from sadness;  
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke,  
Jacob's sons and daughters;  
Led them with unmoistened foot  
Through the Red Sea waters.

'Tis the Spring of Souls, to-day,  
Christ hath burst His prison;  
And from three days' sleep in death,  
As a sun hath risen.  
All the winter of our sins,  
Long and dark, is flying  
From His light, to whom we give  
Laud and praise, undying.

Now the Queen of Seasons, bright  
With the day of splendour,  
With the royal Feast of feasts,  
Comes its joy to render.  
Comes to glad Jerusalem,  
Who with true affection,  
Welcomes in unwearied strain  
Jesus's Resurrection.

Alleluia, now we cry  
To our King Immortal,  
Who triumphant burst the bars  
Of the tomb's dark portal,  
Alleluia, with the Son,  
God the Father praising;  
Alleluia, yet again,  
To the Spirit raising.

### Lesson.

#### *Let the Merry Church Bells Ring!*

Let the merry church bells ring!  
Hence with tears and sighing!  
Frost and cold have fled from spring,  
Life hath conquered dying.  
Flow'rs are smiling, fields are gay,  
Sunny is the weather;  
With our rising Lord to-day,  
All things rise together.

Let the merry church bells ring!  
Ring! Ring! Ring!  
Let the merry church bells ring!  
Ring! Ring! Ring!

Let the birds sing out again  
From their leafy chapel,  
Praising Him, with Whom in vain  
Satan sought to grapple;  
Sounds of joy come fast and thick,  
As the breezes flutter;  
*Resurrexit, non est hic.*  
Is the strain they utter.  
Let the merry, etc.

Let the past of grief be past;  
This our comfort giveth,  
He was slain on Friday last,  
But to-day He liveth;  
Mourning heart must needs be gay,  
Nor let sorrow vex it,  
Since the very grave can say,  
*Christus resurrexit.*  
Let the merry, etc.

### Creed and Prayers.

#### *Days Grow Longer, Sunbeams Stronger.*

Days grow longer, sunbeams stronger,  
Easter-tide makes all things new;  
Lent is banished, sadness vanished,  
Christ hath risen, rise we too.  
Christmas meetings, Twelfth Night greetings,  
Whitsun sports are glad and gay;  
But the lightest and the brightest  
Of our Feasts, is Easter Day.  
Alleluia! Blessed Feast of Easter Day.

Earthly story, crowns with glory,  
Him who earthly foes o'ercame;  
Victor's laurel, ends the quarrel,  
Honour dwells upon His name.  
Vanquished legions, conquered regions,  
Kings deposed and princes bound,—  
Exultation, acclamation,  
Fill His ears and float around.  
Alleluia! Blessed Feast of Easter Day.

Then unending and transcending,  
Be the glory of the Son;  
For transcendent and resplendent,  
Was the vict'ry He hath won.  
Death hath yielded, life is shielded,  
Satan bound, and hell in chains;  
Chased is terror, fled is error,  
Grief is past, and joy remains.  
Alleluia! Blessed Feast of Easter Day.

### Address.

#### *Awake! Awake! 'Tis Easter Morn.*

Awake! awake! 'tis Easter morn.  
The whole redeem'd Creation sings,  
"Our glorious Sun of Righteousness  
Is risen, with healing in His wings!"  
And hell below, and heaven on high,  
And earth all round us, join the cry:  
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,  
Alleluia, Alleluia.

To prison'd souls, that long have pined  
In Death's dark shadow, Light hath shined;  
A Voice divides the flame of fire,  
And wonder wakes a new-born choir!  
For hell below forgets her woe,  
And forth her kindling praises flow;  
Alleluia, etc.

The gates of brass are closed in vain,  
The iron bars He bursts in twain;  
The gulf that ne'er was crossed before  
Wafts armies to its happier shore;  
And Death, once King, has lost his sting,  
And hell its Conqueror learns to sing:  
Alleluia, etc.

And "peace" is breathed from Jesus now;  
On beaming face and bended brow;  
And tongues have come, of cloven fire.  
And shades of night and sin retire.  
Through earth and sky the voices fly,  
And all Creation makes reply:  
Alleluia, etc.

The streams that run through every vale,  
To field and forest tell the tale:  
The birds, in all their songs of spring,  
Proclaim it, chanting on the wing:  
Awake ye, then, O sons of men,  
And swell the chorus once again:  
Alleluia, etc.

### Offertory.



### Benediction.

#### *The Morning Purples All the Sky.*

The morning purples all the sky,  
The air with praise-rings;  
Defeated hell stands sullenly,  
The world exulting sings:  
While He, the King, all strong to save,  
Rends the dark doors away,  
And thro' the breaches of the grave  
Strides forth into the day.  
Glory to God! our glad lips cry;  
All glory be to God most High!

Death's captive, in his gloomy prison  
Fast fettered He has lain;  
But He has mastered death, is risen,  
And death wears now the chain.  
The shining angels cry, "Away  
With grief; no spices bring:  
Not tears, but songs, this joyful day,  
Should greet the rising King!"  
Glory to God! our glad lips cry;  
All glory be to God most High!

#### *Brightly Gleams Our Banner.*

*f* Brightly gleams our banner,  
Pointing to the sky,  
Waving wanderers onward  
To their home on high.  
Journeying o'er the desert,  
Gladly thus we pray,  
And with hearts united  
Take our heavenward way.  
*f* Brightly gleams our banner,  
Pointing to the sky,  
Waving wanderers onward  
To their home on high.

*mf* Jesus, Lord and Master,  
At Thy sacred feet,  
Here with hearts rejoicing  
See Thy children meet;  
*mp* Often have we left Thee,  
Often gone astray,  
*cr* Keep us mighty Saviour,  
In the narrow way.  
*f* Brightly gleams, etc.

*mf* All our days direct us  
In the way we go,  
Lead us on victorious  
Over every foe;  
*mp* Bid Thine angels shield us  
When the storm-clouds lour,  
*p* Pardon Thou and save us  
In the last dread hour.  
*f* Brightly gleams, etc.

*f* Then with Saints and Angels  
May we join above  
Offering prayers and praises  
At Thy Throne of love;  
*dim* When the toil is over,  
*p* Then comes rest and peace,  
*cr* Jesus, in His Beauty,  
Songs that never cease,  
*ff* Brightly gleams, etc.



## Hymns.

### *We March to Victory.*

- f* We march, we march to victory,  
With the Cross of the Lord before us,  
*mf* With His loving eye looking down from the sky,  
*ff* And His Holy Arm spread o'er us,  
We march, we march, etc.
- mf* We come in the might of the Lord of Light,  
In surplic'd train to meet Him:  
And we put to flight the armies of night,  
*f* That the sons of the day may greet Him,  
*mf* We march, we march, etc.
- p* And the choir of Angels with songs awaits  
Our march to the golden Sion;  
*cr* For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,  
And burst the bars of iron:  
We march, we march, etc.
- mf* Then onward we march, our arms to prove,  
With the banner of Christ before us,  
With His eye of love looking down from above,  
And His Holy Arm spread o'er us,  
*mf* We march, we march, etc.
- f* We tread to the roll of the organ swell,  
With the watchword duly given;  
And we challenge the Prince of the hosts of hell,  
To fight for the Gates of heaven;  
We march, we march, etc.
- mf* Our sword is the Spirit of God on High,  
Our helmet His salvation;  
Our banner the Cross of Calvary,  
Our watchword—THE IN-CAR-NA-TION.  
*mf* We march, we march, etc.

### *Forth to the Fight, Ye Ransomed.*

- f* Forth to the fight, ye ransom'd,  
Mighty in God's own might,  
Stemming the tide of battle,  
Routing the hosts of night.
- f* Lift ye the Blood-red banner,  
Wield ye the victors sword,  
*cr* Raise ye the Christian's war cry—  
*ff* "The Cross of Christ the Lord."
- mf* Fear not the din of battle,  
Follow where He has trod  
Perfecting strength in weakness—  
JESUS, INCARNATE GOD.  
*f* Lift ye, etc.
- Trebles and Altos in Unison.*  
*p* Angels around us hover,  
Succour in time of need,  
Ever at hand to strengthen,  
Guardians they indeed.  
*f* Lift ye, etc.
- Tenors and Basses in Unison.*  
*p* Arm ye against the battle,  
Watch ye, and fast, and pray,  
Peace shall succeed the warfare,  
Night shall be changed to day.  
*f* Lift ye, etc.
- f* Fight, for the Lord is o'er you,  
Fight, for He bids you fight;  
There where the fray is thickest  
Close with the hosts of night.  
*f* Lift ye, etc.

### *Angel Voices Ever Singing.*

- Angel voices, ever singing  
Round Thy Throne of light;  
Angel harps, forever ringing,  
Rest not day nor night.  
Thousands only live to bless Thee,  
And confess Thee,  
Lord of might!
- Thou, who art beyond the farthest  
Mortal eye can scan,  
Can it be that Thou regardest,  
Songs of sinful man?  
Can we feel that Thou art near us,  
And will hear us?  
Yea, we can.
- Yea, we know Thy love rejoices  
O'er each work of Thine;  
Thou didst ears, and hands, and voices,  
For Thy praise combine.  
Craftsman's art and music's measure  
For Thy pleasure  
Didst design.
- Here great God, to day we offer  
Of Thine own to Thee;  
And for Thine acceptance proffer  
All unworthily,  
Hearts and minds, and hands, and voices,  
In our choicest  
Melody.

Honor, glory, might, and merit,  
Thine shall ever be,  
Father, Son and Holy Spirit,  
Blessed Trinity;  
Of the best that Thou hast given,  
Earth and heaven,  
Render Thee.

### *On Presentation of the Alms.*

- Holy offerings, rich and rare,  
Offerings of praise and prayer,  
Purer life and purpose high,  
Clasped hands, uplifted eye,  
Lowly acts of adoration  
To the God of our salvation.—  
On His altar laid, we leave them;  
Christ, present them! God receive them!
- To the Father, and the Son,  
And the Spirit, Three in One,  
Though our mortal weakness raise  
Offerings of imperfect praise,  
Yet with hearts bowed down most lowly,  
Crying, Holy! Holy! Holy!  
On Thine altar laid, we leave them;  
Christ, present them! God receive them!  
Amen.

“Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the First Fruits  
of them that Slept.”

Easter, 1887.

S. Luke's Church, Germantown.

Processionals.

106.—“Alleluia! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.”

Christ the Lord is risen again,  
Christ hath broken every chain;  
Hark, angelic voices cry,  
Singing evermore on high,  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Alleluia! Amen.  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Alleluia! Amen.

He, who gave for us His life,  
Who for us endured the strife,  
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day;  
We, too, sing for joy, and say:  
Alleluia, etc.

He, who bore all pain and loss  
Comfortless upon the cross,  
Lives in glory now on high,  
Pleads for us and hears our cry  
Alleluia, etc.

He, who slumbered in the grave,  
Is exalted now to save;  
Now through Christendom it rings  
That the Lamb is King of kings,  
Alleluia, etc.

Now He bids us tell abroad  
How the lost may be restored,  
How the penitent forgiven,  
How we, too, may enter heaven.  
Alleluia, etc.

Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,  
Christ, Thy ransomed people feed;  
Take our sins and guilt away,  
Let us sing by night and day,  
Alleluia, etc.

109.—“Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept.”

To Him who for our sins was slain,  
To Him for all His dying pain,  
Sing we Alleluia!

To Him the Lamb, our Sacrifice,  
Who gave His blood our ransom-price  
Sing we Alleluia!

To Him who died that we might die  
To sin, and live with Him on high,  
Sing we Alleluia!

To Him who rose that we might rise,  
And reign with Him beyond the skies,  
Sing we Alleluia!

To Him who now for us doth plead,  
And helpeth us in all our need,  
Sing we Alleluia!

To Him who doth prepare on high  
Our home in immortality,  
Sing we Alleluia!

To Him be glory evermore:  
Ye heavenly hosts, your Lord adore:  
Sing we Alleluia!

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
Our God most great, our joy, our boast,  
Sing we Alleluia! AMEN.

552.—“With us is the Lord our God to help us, and to fight our battles.”

Forth to the fight, ye ransom'd,  
Mighty in God's own might,  
Stemming the tide of battle,  
Routing the hosts of night.

Lift ye the Blood-red Banner,  
Wield ye the victor's sword,  
Raise ye the Christian's war cry—  
“The Cross of Christ the Lord.”

Fear not the din of battle,  
Follow where He has trod  
Perfecting strength in weakness—  
JESUS, INCARNATE GOD.  
Lift ye, &c.

Angels around us hover,  
Succour in time of need,  
Ever at hand to strengthen,  
Guardians they indeed.  
Lift ye, &c.

Arm ye against the battle,  
Watch ye, and fast, and pray,  
Peace shall succeed the warfare,  
Night shall be changed to day.  
Lift ye, &c.

Fight, for the Lord is o'er you,  
Fight, for He bids you fight;  
There where the fray is thickest  
Close with the hosts of night.  
Lift ye, &c. AMEN.



# Order of Service.

## Children's Festival.

### Confession, Lord's Prayer and Versicles.

COME, YE FAITHFUL, RAISE THE STRAIN.

Come, ye faithful, raise the strain  
Of triumphant gladness;  
God hath brought His Israel,  
Into joy from sadness;  
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke,  
Jacob's sons and daughters;  
Led them with unmoistened foot  
Through the Red Sea waters.

Now the Queen of Seasons, bright  
With the day of splendour,  
With the royal Feast of feasts,  
Comes its joy to render.  
Comes to glad Jerusalem,  
Who with true affection,  
Welcomes in unwearied strain  
Jesu's Resurrection.

'Tis the Spring of Souls, to-day,  
Christ hath burst His prison;  
And from three days' sleep in death,  
As a sun hath risen,  
All the winter of our sins,  
Long and dark, is flying  
From His light, to whom we give  
Laud and praise, undying.

Alleluia, now we cry  
To our King Immortal,  
Who triumphant bursts the bars  
Of the tomb's dark portal,  
Alleluia, with the Son,  
God the Father praising;  
Alleluia, yet again,  
To the Spirit raising.

### Lesson.

558.—"Clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands."

Palms of glory, raiment bright,  
Crowns that never fade away,  
Gird and deck the Saints in light,  
Priests, and kings, and conquerors they.

Kings their crowns for harps resign,  
Crying, as they strike the chords,  
"Take the Kingdom it is Thine,  
King of kings, and LORD of lords."

Yet the conquerors bring their palms  
To the LAMB amidst the Throne,  
And proclaim in joyful psalms  
Victory through his Cross alone.

Round the Altar Priests confess,  
If their robes are white as snow,  
'Twas the Saviour's Righteousness,  
And His Blood that made them so.

They were mortal too like us;  
O, when we like them must die,  
May our souls translated thus  
Triumph, reign, and shine on high. AMEN.

### Creed and Prayers.

562.—"Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow."

At the Name of Jesus  
Every knee shall bow,  
Every tongue confess Him  
King of glory now;  
'Tis the Father's pleasure  
We shall call Him Lord,  
Who from the beginning  
Was the Mighty Word.

Bore it up triumphant,  
With its human light,  
Through all ranks of creatures,  
To the central height;  
To the Throne of Godhead,  
To the Father's breast,  
Filled it with the glory  
Of that perfect rest.

At His voice creation  
Sprang at once to sight,  
All the Angel faces,  
All the hosts of light,  
Thrones and Dominations.  
Stars upon their way,  
All the heavenly Orders,  
In their great array.

Name Him, brothers, name Him  
With love as strong as death,  
But with awe and wonder,  
And with 'bated breath;  
He is God the Saviour,  
He is Christ the Lord,  
Ever to be worshipped,  
Trusted, and adored.

Humbled for a season,  
To receive a Name  
From the lips of sinners,  
Unto whom He came.  
Faithfully He bore it  
Spotless to the last,  
Brought it back victorious,  
When from death He passed:

In your hearts enthrone Him;  
Then let Him subdue  
All that is not holy,  
All that is not true:  
Crown Him as your Captain  
In temptation's hour;  
Let His Will enfold you  
In its light and power.

Brothers, this Lord Jesus  
Shall return again,  
With His Father's glory;  
With His Angel train;  
For all wreaths of empire  
Meet upon His Brow  
And our hearts confess Him  
King of glory now. AMEN.

### Address.

556.—"Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb."

There is sound of rejoicing around the Great  
Throne,  
A whisper of myriad wings;  
For the foe that accuseth us lies cast down,  
And the choir of Angels sings—

Salvation, and honour, and majesty be,  
Lord of all power and might unto Thee.

There is silence in heaven. In measured round  
Time moves, ere his hour is come:  
And the Seven Archangels prepare to sound  
With the trumpets of the doom:  
Salvation, &c.

And the smoke of the incense ariseth on high  
With the prayers of the Saints who adore;  
For the Master who loves us hath deigned to die,  
And the song is heard once more—  
Salvation, &c.

And the soul may approach to her God without  
dread,  
In moment of praise or of prayer:  
"Fear ye not," the bright angels of God have said,  
"Glad tidings of joy we bear."  
Salvation, &c.

But the hour draweth nigh when the Angel shall  
stand  
With foot on the silent shore:  
By the LORD he shall swear, as he lifts his hand,  
And that Time shall be no more.  
Salvation, &c.

And the thunders shall roll, and the dead, great  
and small,  
At the Throne of the Judge shall stand;  
And the song shall resound through the Heavenly  
Hall  
Of the Saints at God's Right Hand.  
Salvation, &c. AMEN.

### Offertory.

### Benediction.

555.—"The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

On our way rejoicing, as we homeward move,  
Hearken to our praises, O Thou God of love!  
Is there grief or sadness? Thine it cannot be!  
Is our sky beclouded? Clouds are not from Thee!  
On our way rejoicing as we homeward move,  
Hearken to our praises, O Thou God of love!

On our way rejoicing gladly let us go;  
Conquered hath our Leader, vanquished is our  
foe!  
Christ without, our safety, Christ within, our joy,  
Who, if we be faithful, can our hope destroy?  
On our way rejoicing as we homeward move,  
Hearken to our praises, O Thou God of love!

If with honest-hearted love for God and man,  
Day by day Thou find us doing what we can,  
Thou who giv'st the seed-time wilt give large in-  
crease,  
Crown the head with blessings, fill the heart with  
peace,  
On our way rejoicing as we homeward move,  
Hearken to our praises, O Thou God of love!

Unto God the Father joyful songs we sing;  
Unto God the Saviour thankful hearts we bring:  
Unto God the Spirit bow we and adore,  
On our way rejoicing now and evermore!  
On our way rejoicing as we homeward move,  
Hearken to our praises, O Thou God of love!  
AMEN.

563.—"I have the keys of hell and death."

"Welcome, happy morning," age to age shall say:  
Hell to-day is vanquished; Heav'n is won to-day!  
Lo! the Dead is living, God forevermore!  
Him their true Creator, all His works adore!  
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health to all,  
Thou from Heaven beholding human nature's  
fall,  
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,  
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.  
Hell to-day is vanquished; Heaven is won to-day!

Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for Spring,  
All good gifts returned with her returning King:  
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,  
Speak His sorrows ended, hail His triumph now.  
Hell to-day is vanquished; Heaven is won to-day!

Thou, of Life the Author, death didst undergo,  
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to  
show;  
Come, then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy  
word,  
'Tis Thine own Third Morning! Rise, O buried  
Lord!

Months in due succession, days of lengthening  
light,  
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their  
flight:  
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,  
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee,  
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.  
Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's  
chain;  
All that now is fallen raise to life again;  
How Thy Face in brightness, bid the nations see;  
Bring again our daylight; day returns with Thee!  
Hell to-day is vanquished; Heaven is won to-day.  
AMEN.



## Hymns.

### ANGEL VOICES EVER SINGING.

Angel voices, ever singing  
Round Thy Throne of light;  
Angel harps, forever ringing,  
Rest not day nor night.  
Thousands only live to bless Thee,  
And confess Thee,  
Lord of might!

Thou, who art beyond the farthest  
Mortal eye can scan,  
Can it be that Thou regardest,  
Songs of sinful man?  
Can we feel that Thou art near us,  
And will hear us?  
Yea, we can.

Honor, glory, might, and merit,  
Thine shall ever be.  
Father, Son and Holy Spirit,  
Blessed Trinity;  
Of the best that Thou hast given,  
Earth and heaven,  
Render Thee.

Yea, we know Thy love rejoices  
O'er each work of Thine;  
Thou didst ears, and hands, and voices,  
For Thy praise combine.  
Craftsman's art and music's measure  
For Thy pleasure  
Didst design.

Here great God, to-day we offer  
Of Thine own to Thee;  
And for Thine acceptance proffer  
All unworthily,  
Hearts and minds, and hands, and voices,  
In our choicest  
Melody.

### ON PRESENTATION OF THE ALMS.

Holy off'rings, rich and rare,  
Offerings of praise and prayer.  
Purer life and purpose high,  
Clasped hands, uplifted eye,  
Lowly acts of adoration  
To the God of our salvation—  
On His altar laid, we leave them;  
Christ, present them! God receive them!

To the Father, and the Son,  
And the Spirit, Three in One,  
Though our mortal weakness raise  
Off'rings of imperfect praise,  
Yet with hearts bowed down most lowly,  
Crying, Holy! Holy! Holy!  
On Thine altar laid, we leave them,  
Christ, present them! God receive them!  
AMEN.





Hymn 103 Children's Hymnal.

*Angel voices ever singing.*

Angel voices ever singing  
Round Thy Throne of light;  
Angel harps, forever ringing,  
Rest not day nor night—  
Thousands only live to bless Thee,  
And confess Thee,  
Lord of might!

Thou who art beyond the farthest  
Mortal eye can scan,  
Can it be that Thou regardest,  
Songs of sinful man?  
Can we feel that Thou art near us,  
And wilt hear us?  
Yea, we can.

Yea, we know Thy love rejoices  
O'er each work of Thine;  
Thou didst ears, and hands, and voices,  
For Thy praise combine.

Craftsman's art and music's measure  
For Thy pleasure  
Didst design.

Here great God, to-day we offer  
Of Thine own to Thee;  
And for Thine acceptance proffer  
All unworthily,  
Hearts and minds, and hands, and voices,  
In our choicest  
Melody.

Honor, glory, might, and merit,  
Thine shall ever be.  
Father, Son and Holy Spirit,  
Blessed Trinity;  
Of the best that Thou has given,  
Earth and heaven,  
Render Thee. AMEN.



Not to be taken from the Church.

30  
"Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the First-Fruits  
of them that slept."

**Easter, 1889.**  
**S. Luke's Church, Germantown.**

*Oh! the Golden Glowing Morning.*

Oh, the glowing golden morning,  
All the waiting earth adorning,  
For this is Easter Day!  
To the King in all His splendor,  
Lord of life and death, we render  
Highest lauds this day.  
Let the banners float before us,  
While we raise th' exulting chorus,  
Christ is risen! He is risen!  
This is Easter Day!

Hark! the highest heavens ringing,  
Hark! the quivering angels singing  
"This is Easter Day!"  
No more grieving! no more sighing!  
No more weeping! no more dying!  
"Christ is King this day!"  
With the blessed ones before us,  
We will swell the heavenly chorus—  
Christ is risen! He is risen!  
This is Easter Day!

Shout aloud the wondrous story,  
For the King in all His glory  
Draweth nigh this day!  
Vernal benediction giving—  
Christ the Life—the Ever-living!  
On this Easter Day!

Let the banners float before us,  
Send along the angel chorus—  
Christ is risen! He is risen!  
This is Easter Day.

On the Festal Altar glowing,  
Lo! the Paschal Emblems showing  
Forth this Easter Day!  
Come with garlands, come with treasure,  
Come with anthems' raptest measure  
For this Easter Day!  
How the bells are chiming o'er us,  
While we join the heavenly chorus!  
Christ is risen! He is risen!  
This is Easter Day!

Oh, that longed-for day of union,  
When Thine own, in Thy communion,  
Lord of Easter Day—  
Into life eternal waking,  
Celebrate—Thy love partaking—  
Endless Easter Day!  
For the joy that waits before us,  
We will swell the angel chorus,  
Christ is risen! He is risen!  
This is Easter Day.

*Hymn 106.—"Alleluia! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."*

Christ the Lord is risen again,  
Christ hath broken every chain:  
Hark, angelic voices cry,  
Singing evermore on high,  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Alleluia! Amen.  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Alleluia! Amen.

He, who gave for us His life,  
Who for us endured the strife,  
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day;  
We, too, sing for joy, and say:  
Alleluia, etc.

He, who bore all pain and loss  
Comfortless upon the cross,  
Lives in glory now on high,  
Pleads for us and hears our cry,  
Alleluia, etc.

He, who slumbered in the grave,  
Is exalted now to save;  
Now through Christendom it rings,  
That the Lamb is King of kings.  
Alleluia, etc.

Now He bids us tell abroad  
How the lost may be restored,  
How the penitent forgiven,  
How we, too, may enter heaven.  
Alleluia, etc.

Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,  
Christ, Thy ransomed people feed;  
Take our sins and guilt away,  
Let us sing by night and day,  
Alleluia, etc.

*Easter Day hath dawned again.*

Easter day hath dawned again,  
Past the night of grief and pain,  
Vain the guard, the tomb in vain,  
To hold our buried Jesus!

Faithful hearts their watch have kept,  
Loving eyes have mourned and wept,  
Where, it seemed, He lately slept,  
So still and silent, Jesus!

Now all tears have passed away  
With the early morning ray;  
From the grave, where once He lay,  
There hath arisen Jesus!

Risen, He hath worshiped been  
By repentant Magdalene,  
And by Simon hath been seen,  
Our all-triumphant Jesus!

On this blessed Eventide,  
Two there were he walked beside,  
And they prayed—"With us abide!"  
Although they knew not Jesus!

Jesu, Lord! I pray to Thee,  
Though Thy Face not yet I see,  
Evermore abide with me—  
My Lord—My God—my Jesus!



**Confession, Lord's Prayer and Versicles.**

*Come, ye faithful, raise the strain.*

Come, ye faithful, raise the strain  
Of triumphant gladness :  
God has brought His Israel,  
Into joy from sadness ;  
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke,  
Jacob's sons and daughters ;  
Led them with unmoistened foot  
Through the Red Sea waters.

'Tis the Spring of Souls to-day,  
Christ has burst His prison ;  
And from three days' sleep in death,  
As a sun hath risen.  
All the winter of our sins,  
Long and dark, is flying  
From His light, to whom we give  
Laud and praise, undying.

Now the Queen of Seasons, bright  
With the day of splendor,  
With the royal Feast of feasts,  
Come its joy to render.  
Come to glad Jerusalem,  
Who with true affection,  
Welcomes in unwearied strain  
Jesu's Resurrection.

Alleluia, now we cry  
To our King Immortal,  
Who in triumph burst the bars  
Of the tomb's dark portal.  
Alleluia, with the Son,  
God the Father praising ;  
Alleluia, yet again,  
To the Spirit raising.

**Lesson.**

*The Crown is on the Victor's Brow.*

The crown is on the Victor's brow ;  
Finished is the battle now ;  
Hence with sadness ;  
Sing with gladness, Alleluia !

For after death that Him befell ;  
Jesus Christ hath harrowed hell ;  
Heaven is ringing,  
Earth is singing, Alleluia !

On that third morning He arose,  
Bright with triumph o'er His foes ;  
Sing we lauding,  
And applauding, Alleluia !

For He hath closed hell's yawning door,  
Heaven is open evermore ;  
Hence with sadness,  
Sing with gladness, Alleluia !

Lord, by Thy wounds we call on thee,  
So from death to set us free,  
That our living  
Be thanksgiving ! Alleluia !

**Greed and Prayers.**

*A rhyme, a rhyme, for Easter time.*

A rhyme, a rhyme, for Easter time  
Come sing with mirth and glee ;  
Come youth and age, with sire and sage.  
And join in harmony !  
For Christ hath burst His prison gate,  
Whose bars before Him fell,  
Aloft he fares, and with Him bears  
The keys of Death and Hell !

No powers of night can keep His soul.  
Its prison bournes within ;  
Corruption foul can ne'er control  
His form unstained by sin.

His three days o'er, He comes once more  
To tread the hallowed sod  
By Sion's gate, where hellish hate  
Had slain the Son of God.

And so, through Him who conquered Death,  
May we, too, upward press  
From death of sin sweet life to win  
Of truth and holiness !  
And, like the saints returning home  
With Christ, we pray that we  
May to God's holy City come  
And true Mount Sion see !

**Address.**

*Hymn 556.—"Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb."*

There is sound of rejoicing around the Great  
Throne,  
A whisper of myriad wings ;  
For the foe that accuseth us lies cast down,  
And the choir of Angels sing—

Salvation and honor, and majesty be,  
Lord of all power and might unto Thee.

There is silence in heaven. In measured  
round  
Time moves, ere his hour is come :  
And the Seven Archangels prepare to sound  
With the trumpets of the doom :  
Salvation, etc.

And the smoke of the incense ariseth on  
high  
With the prayers of the Saints who adore ;  
For the master who loves us has deigned to  
die,  
And the song is heard once more—  
Salvation, etc.

And the soul may approach to her God with-  
out dread,  
In moment of praise or of prayer :  
"Fear ye not," the bright angels of God  
have said,  
"Glad tidings of joy we bear."  
Salvation, etc.

But the hour draweth nigh when the Angel  
shall stand  
With foot on the silent shore ;  
By the LORD he shall swear, as he lifts in  
his hand,  
And that Time shall be no more.  
Salvation, etc.

And the thunders shall roll, and the dead,  
great and small,  
At the throne of the Judge shall stand ;  
And the song shall resound through the  
Heavenly Hall  
Of the Saints at God's Right Hand.  
Salvation, etc. AMEN.

**Offertory.**



**Benediction.**

*"Ye happy Bells of Easter Day."*

Ye happy bells of Easter Day !  
Ring, ring your joy  
Thro' earth and sky,  
Ye ring a glorious word.  
The notes that swell in gladness to  
The rising of the Lord !

Ye carol-bells of Easter Day !  
The teeming earth,  
That saw His birth  
When lying 'neath the sword,  
Upspringeth now in joy, to show  
The rising of the Lord !

Ye glory-bells of Easter Day !  
The hills that rise  
Against the skies,  
Re-echo with the word—  
The victor-breath that conquers death—  
The rising of the Lord !

Ye passion-bells of Easter Day !  
The bitter cup  
He lifted up,  
Salvation to afford.  
Ye saintly bells ! your passion tells  
The rising of the Lord !

Ye mercy bells of Easter Day !  
His tender side  
Was riven wide,  
Where floods of mercy poured ;  
Redeemed clay doth sing to-day  
The rising of the Lord !

Ye victor-bells of Easter Day !  
The thorny crown  
He layeth down :  
Ring ! Ring ! with strong accord—  
The mighty strain of love and pain,  
The rising of the Lord !

*"Daily, daily sing the praises."*

Daily, daily sing the praises  
Of the city God hath made,  
In the beauteous fields of Eden  
Its foundation's stones are laid.

O that I had wings of angels  
Here to spread and heavenward fly  
I would seek the gates of Zion  
Far beyond the starry sky,  
Far beyond the starry sky. AMEN.

All the walls of that dear city  
Are of bright and burnished gold ;  
It is matchless in its beauty,  
And its treasures are untold.  
O that I had wings, etc.

In the midst of that dear city  
Christ is reigning on His seat,

And the angels swing their censers  
In a ring about his feet.  
Oh that I had wings, etc.

From the throne a river issues,  
Clear as crystal, passing bright,  
And it traverses the city  
Like a beam of silver light.  
O that I had wings, etc.

There the wind is sweetly fragrant,  
And is laden with the song  
Of the seraphs and the elders,  
And the great redeemed throng.  
O that I had wings, etc.

O I would my ears were open  
Here to catch that happy strain !  
O I would my eyes some vision  
Of that Eden could attain.  
O that I had wings, etc.